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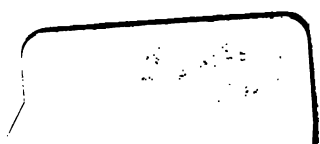
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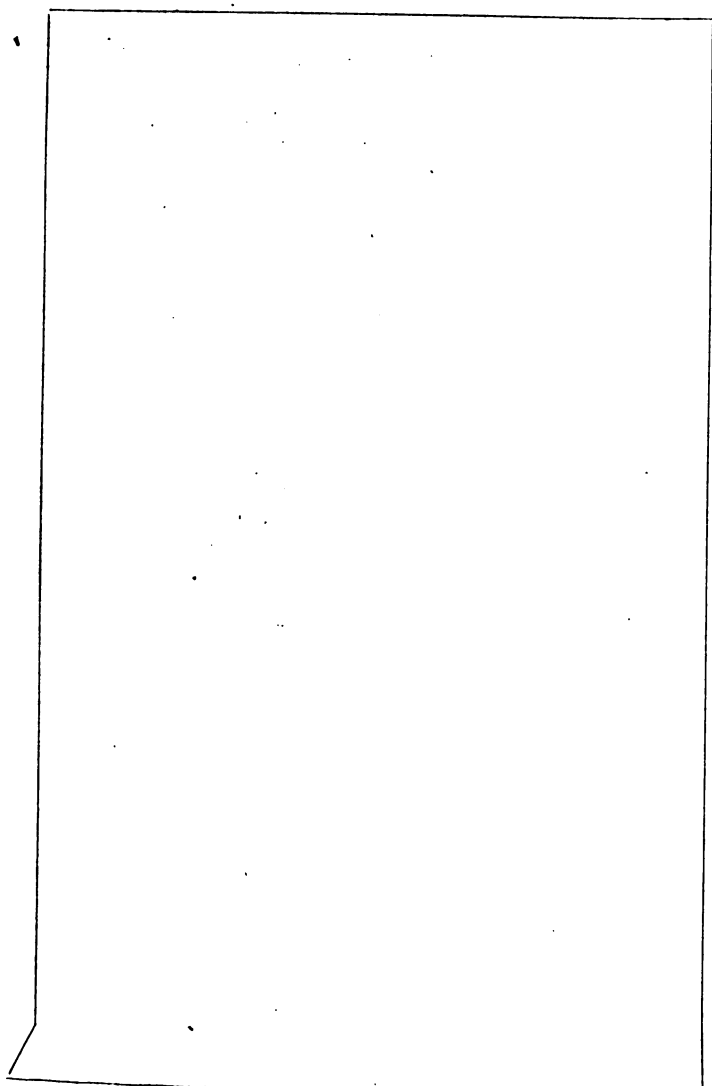




LITTLE FLORIE;

OR,

The Gathered Lily.



LITTLE FLORIE;

OR,

The Gathered Lily.

"I am the door: by me, if any man enter in, he shall
be saved."

"My beloved is gone down into his garden—to gather
lilies"

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Preface.

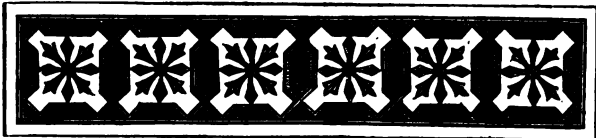
N collecting together the various little incidents and fragments of our dearly beloved and loving child's short life, our humble hope has been to testify to the faithfulness of that God and Saviour whose word declares, "Ask, and it shall be given you." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." This dear child was looked upon from its birth as a precious gift from God, and the earnest prayer went up daily to the throne of grace, that she might be given back to Him who, by the Spirit, through the word, had said, "Nurse this child for me, and I will give thee thy wages." In faith we looked for and gathered up the fruit, as it dropped from year to year, until the Master

came and called for his child, bearing it tenderly through a severe illness, into his own immediate presence in heaven.

With hearts full of deep sorrow, we yet praise and bless Him, both for His chastisements and His mercies, exclaiming, "It is well!"

This little record is intended only to meet the eye of our own family circle; but should it fall into other hands, we wish to intimate, that we have thus simply strung together our recollections of the dear departed child, without any comment or embellishment, in order that God's work in her may be more apparent, and that there may be nothing to draw off the attention from the little voice of her "who, being dead, yet speaketh."





PRECIOUS FLORENCE! Her little life seems to us now like a sweet dream, or a short "tale that is told," for the continuation of which we listen in vain. But through "the clouds" that will "return after the rain" of our tears for her loss, the earnest gaze of faith and love can sometimes pierce, and behold her in the bright, pure, golden city, through whose gates she has passed; for, though so young, she had found the entrance—the "Pearl of great price."

She loved her Saviour while on earth, and delighted to think of Him as her "Good Shepherd;" and this was no evanescent feeling, but was constantly shewing itself in his own appointed way—an earnest endeavour to keep his commandments. Let it not be supposed, however, that we wish to claim for her exemption from human frailty, or to contradict the inspired words, "All

have sinned," the truth of which this dear child knew and felt in her own heart. For if any little fault troubled her at times, it was only necessary to bid her reflect, and to pray with her, when the sweet question, "Will you forgive me?" would soon follow, shewing that the evil had been overcome. She often nipped it in the bud herself, and after a few moments of thoughtful and prayerful silence, would exclaim, "I have had such a battle! but I've gained the victory!"

Yet, with all this true piety, there was nothing unbecoming her tender age, and she enjoyed richly all things that God gave her, entering very heartily into the innocent sports and amusements of childhood. Now that she has ended her short sojourn among us, let us look back and trace the little "footprints" that she has left "on the sands of time," that we, "forlorn and shipwrecked" by the storm of our sorrow, may, seeing them, "take heart again," to follow her to the land where "she is not lost, but gone before."

This heavenly child began her little pilgrimage with prayer, and before she could speak plainly, she would ask to be guided aright; for when she felt inclined to be naughty, she would kneel in a corner of the room and say, "Thank you, gentle Jesus, make baby good." She seemed even at this early stage of

her journey to have some dim idea that she was sent among us on a short mission of love; for she one day exclaimed, "How kind it is of gentle Jesus to let me come down here!" and on being asked where from, she answered, "Up in the sky, where He lives." A spirit of thankfulness to her heavenly Father would often shew itself in such little expressions as the following:—"Nice sunshine, kind God to make nice sunshine!" She would also join her sister in giving thanks at meal times; for though too young to follow her in the exact words, she would fold her tiny hands, close her eyes, and repeat, "Praise, praise, praise!" till grace was finished. Long before she was old enough to go herself to the house of God, she was desirous that others should do so, and if ever she was uneasy at her nurse leaving her for that purpose, she had only to say, "I'm going to church, baby," when she would immediately exclaim, "Church? run, run!" She loved to be told of an infant brother who had stayed on earth only a fortnight, and when asked where he was gone, she would say, "Up in the sky, to gentle Jesus." It seemed as if she had already caught some of his notes of praise, for she would sing in her lisping way, "Bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

She always confessed her little faults, and would come into the room and say, "Mama, I've been such a naughty child."

Mama.—"I hope you are good now."

F.—"No, Mama, I'm not good yet," then covering her head with a handkerchief, she would presently pull it off with a smiling face, and say, "Good now Mama."

Though constitutionally a timid child, yet such was her firm trust in God's mighty protection, that in the severest thunder-storms, she would remain perfectly calm and happy, comforting herself and others by saying, "God won't let the lightning hurt me; it can't strike me in the eyes, if Jesus takes care of me." When older, she learned some beautiful lines, which she called her "Thunder Hymn," and sang very prettily. They are as follows:—

"When the dark and heavy cloud
Lifts on high its awful form,
And above us, pealing loud,
Rolls the thunder of the storm,
Do not fear the lightning's flash,
God directs it where to fall;
Do not fear the thunder's crash,
For your Saviour rules them all."

Her loving confidence preserved her also from the fear of fire, for hearing of a large conflagration which had destroyed her Papa's warehouse, she had the following little conversation with her nurse :—

F.—"Do you think this house will catch fire?"

N.—"No, dear, unless a spark flew out of the candle and caught something."

F.—"Never mind, if this house were to catch fire, we should all die; and go up in the sky to gentle Jesus, and we should be so safe, and so happy, for God never lets the flames go so high as the sky."

This occurred when she was three years old, from which time she rapidly improved, both in power of thought and ability to express it, as will be seen in the following little extempore prayers, which were written down soon after she had uttered them.—

"O gentle Jesus, teach me the way to go to heaven; wash out the black spots that are on my soul, and I shall be whiter than snow. Oh give me Thy Holy Spirit to teach me the way to heaven; Oh teach me the way to heaven, for Christ's sake. Amen, and amen."

How fully was this simple prayer answered, in the short and easy way by which she was guided there. Her love to her parents and sister was intense, and

led her to offer many prayers for them, of which the following is a specimen :—

“Pray, God, give Mama strength when she is ill; make her well, gentle Jesus, look upon her, wash her in thy precious blood.” On one occasion, when her mama had seen it necessary to reprove her, “Mama, let me pray for you,” was her earnest request, and she began, “Pray, God, bless my dear Mama, teach her how to teach me, wash her heart clean, and take her when she dies to heaven. Give her strength to walk about more, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.”

About this time (her health being delicate), her Mama took her away to S—— for change of air. While there, her papa and sister visited them, much to her delight; but when the parting moment arrived, she was very sad, and greatly alarmed at the unaccustomed sight of a hansom cab, which came to convey them to the train. When it drove off, she turned pale, and clung to her Mama’s neck, exclaiming, “Cab break in pieces! poor sissy! dear sissy!” She was much distressed, and her Mama had recourse to what had often soothed her before—prayer. She said, “Shall I ask gentle Jesus to take care of Papa and sister?” The dear babe smiled her approval, and after her Mama had commended them to His keeping, she jumped

down from her seat, and said, "Baby say her prayers;" then, with the seriousness and earnestness of an advanced Christian, she knelt with her tiny hands up-lifted, and repeated after her Mama the words of a little prayer.

She was always delighted at the return of the Sabbath, and once said to her Mama, "I could put my arms round Sunday! I do love it so! I wish there were two Sundays instead of week days." She seemed indeed to look forward to its perpetual enjoyment; frequently saying, "O Mama, I do long to go to heaven."

She had an excellent memory, and was very quick in applying what she had learned, as the following incident (taken from her Mama's diary), will prove. "My little Florie came to me this morning to say her prayers, with a comb passed through her hair, in a strange fashion. I said, 'Darling, we must take out the comb, lest it tempt you to forget that you are in the presence of God.' Hiding it in my pocket, I added, 'So let us always put temptation far away.' 'Yes, mama,' she answered, 'like the little boy who thought he would like to leave his home, but knelt at the stream to pray,

'When temptation, like the breeze, fled away.'"

These were very favourite lines with her, and she often experienced their truth ; of which we will now give another little instance. She was seated one day at dinner in her cheerful nursery, dressed in a new white frock, but the tears were streaming down her cheeks ; and when her Mama entered and asked the reason, nurse was obliged to say that she was crying because she did not like to have the pretty new frock hidden by a pinafore. Mama looked sad, and told her that if she were not good, the frock must be taken off ; and she immediately exclaimed, "Let me have my old one on, Mama." The dress was accordingly changed, and then she threw her arms round her Mama's neck, with the sweet tearful words, "Oh I am so sorry, dear Mama, for having been naughty." When she had reached her fifth year, her little heart was grieved by the serious illness of her beloved father, who being attacked by fever, it was thought best for her and her sister to leave home, and spend some time by the sea-side. On her way thither, she seemed at first rather fearful of the long tunnels, through which she had to pass ; but a friend who was with her said, "You must not fear, darling, for we will ask God to take care of you." She answered, "Then I shall not be afraid, but shall go to sleep through

this little night, and do you wake me when it is daylight again." And such was the strength of her faith, that she fell into a calm slumber.

While at Brighton, she wrote several times to her dear parents, in the following strain :—

"MY DEAREST PAPA AND MAMA,—I am quite well and merry; but it makes my heart sad to be away from you. I know the little text. I like your little notes so much. I often think of you. I go to sleep very soon here, sooner than I do at home; the waves *music* me off to sleep. Far away from dear papa and mama.

YOUR LOVING LITTLE CHILD.

"With many kisses and a great deal of love."

The pleasure and novelty of being at the sea-side, did not distract her thoughts from their heavenward course; for she observed the day after her arrival, "The Bible is like a lantern, because it gives us light, but it does not *look* like one."

The same day she was talking of a little girl who screamed when she passed through a tunnel, and said, "I think that little girl did not believe that God would take care of her; but I do believe it, so I went to sleep in the tunnel, and asked you to wake me." As she

went to bed she remarked, "The left side of my forehead is the naughty side, and the right is the good side; and I am going to try from this time to be seven times better than gold." On hearing that prayers were to be offered in church against war (which was then expected), she desired very earnestly that one might be taught her on the subject, and added, "I have a good thought in my head; every day now will be like Sunday, for I think there will be a prayer meeting every day." The next morning she exclaimed, "Another beautiful thought has come into my head! Such a splendid thought!" Of course it was desired that the thought should be made known; when she whispered, "If we want to keep from war, the best way is to ask Jesus to keep us from war."

During her stay at Brighton, she much enjoyed her walks by the sea-side, her little drives in goat-chaises, and games with india-rubber balls, of which she was very fond; but through all her occupations might be traced a readiness to speak of heavenly things.

One morning, as she was seated by the window, some one said to her, "Look, darling, at those beautiful white feathery clouds, like angels' wings!" "Yes," she answered, "they are lovely, I dare say there are some *angels* in this room now." Presently she added, "I

think Satan is very sorry that I am trying to get over my naughty tempers, but I am very glad; I do not mean him to have me." The dear child often repeated that she "was determined to be as good as gold;" and when asked one evening if she had been trying through the day to carry out her resolution, she answered, "I do not think I have once been naughty, I am trying to drive away my naughty self, and to keep only the good one."

Another time, when the same question was put to her, she replied, "I have been naughty once to-day, but I asked God in a *cryish* voice to forgive me, for I was so sorry; and I felt inclined to be naughty again, but I kept it away, I *would* not let it come."

As she was taking a drive one afternoon, she saw a house on fire. This made her very thoughtful, and on arriving at home she said, "I will tell you something you will like; it is something good. I was thinking all the time how good we ought to be, when God is so kind to us, and sends us out of the way of fire, and keeps our house from catching fire."

It was about this time, as nearly as we can remember, that she first expressed a desire to aid in missionary work; saying one day while chattering as usual, "If I were grown up, and had nothing to do, I should

go all over the world, and teach people to be good ; I should go six times over the country." And it will be seen further on in our little narrative, how sincere was this wish to help in the great work.

Her sojourn at Brighton extended over about five weeks. This was her only separation from her beloved parents, and when at length they were able to summon her home, her delight knew no bounds, and she said, "The thought of it quite *amazes* my heart." A few months after her return, her Mama went to pay (as it afterwards proved) her last visit to her dear mother, and the following little extract from her diary will shew that dear Florence on this occasion commended her to the care of her heavenly Father. "On my husband's return home after seeing me to the train, dearest Florie said, 'Was dear Mama frightened when you left her?' Papa replied, 'No, but a little nervous.' The darling made answer, 'Mama ought not to have been nervous, Papa ; for I told her at dinner yesterday that God would take care of her.'"

Since the dear child's departure from this world, a sympathising friend has in a letter reminded us of a little circumstance which occurred about this time ; and as it serves to illustrate her great consideration for others, an extract from it may not be out of place here.

"I recollect being much struck on one occasion with dear Florie's great tenderness and self denial. It was the evening you had your beautiful Christmas tree, and her papa in fun called up the stairs, to find fault with her nurse for keeping her up so late (that the tree might surprise her all the more), but she could hardly look at it the first moment, for sorrow that poor 'Pootty' had been scolded, and looked quite miserable till you explained the little trick. I thought it was wonderful, for most children would entirely have forgotten their nurse, or anything else, in admiring what always gives so much pleasure."

Her reverence for the Bible was extreme, and she could not bear to see its leaves turned down, or for any thing to be placed upon it. Finding that one of the gardeners (an aged man who had been for many years in the family) did not possess a Bible in large print, she expressed a great desire to give him one; and when it was bought she asked her Mama to write in it, "Florence H—— to G——, and she hopes he will read it, as it will teach him the way to heaven." It was her delight to do so herself, and her favourite chapter was the 10th of St John. She was one day conversing on it with her Mama, and when they spoke

of the tenderness of the Good Shepherd, she said, "Mama, there is one text which says, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'" Soon after this, her mama was one morning engaged in prayer with her, and commending her darling child to the care of the Good Shepherd, she besought Him to lay His hand upon her. Dear Florie was kneeling by her Mama's side, and when they both rose from prayer, she said, "Mama dearest, Jesus *did* come and lay His hand on me. I felt it on my head, Mama, and it was *so* soft and tender." And many times afterwards she spoke of the gentle hand that had touched her so lovingly.

This incident, occurring as it did just before her Mama was laid low by a most dangerous illness, was a great comfort to her during the hours of suffering through which she passed, while lingering on the borders of death's river. Though dear Florence could pour out her heart to God in her own words, it was thought advisable for her to use also a daily form of prayer, which we subjoin:—

"Pray, God, bless me. Make me Thy good, obedient, truthful child. Give me thy Holy Spirit to teach me. Bless, help, and keep my dear Papa, Mama, sister, and all dear relations and friends, and

everybody, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." After this she repeated the following lines:—

"O Father, bless a little child,
And in her early youth
Give her a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love thy truth.
May never falsehood in her heart,
Or in her words, abide;
But may she act the truthful part,
Whatever may betide."

Her extempore prayer was nearly in the following words, varied occasionally according to circumstances:—

"O Lord, if it be Thy will, make my dear Mama quite well, and stronger, and bless us, and take us to heaven when we die; and, O dear Lord, grant that I may not be afraid when Jesus comes, but be taken to heaven, to dwell with Thee, and to sing Thy praises for ever; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

She had learned several of the Psalms, and her favourite was the 23d, which she had marked in her own little Bible. She loved to communicate the comfort she felt in God's word; and when she saw others in trouble, she would apply its healing truths to their case with a wisdom beyond her years.

Her behaviour in church shewed that she felt the more immediate presence of God ; for none who sat near her could help remarking her serious and attentive air, and the manner in which she would keep her eyes fixed on the preacher. When she returned home, she would answer questions on what she had heard, and sometimes wrote down a small part of the sermon. She would employ the rest of the day in looking at Sunday books, and pictures, and singing hymns. She was grieved when she saw this holy day desecrated ; and during her last visit to the seaside, observing some children playing with their dolls one Sunday afternoon, she said, "Those little girls ought not to have their dolls to-day, their mama should tell them so." Her nature was extremely sensitive ; and on one occasion, when her sister was reading aloud one of Mrs Gatty's beautiful parables called, "Not Lost, but gone before," she wept so much, that we have since thought, perhaps this story might have cast on her young mind a dim passing shadow of her coming separation from her beloved sister.

She greatly admired the beauties of nature, so abundantly spread before her in the gardens and grounds of her lovely home, to which she always re-

turned with pleasure after having been away for a time; and her little bright presence enlivening the scene, added much to its cheerfulness. She was very fond of gardening in a little spot set apart for her; and one day requested T——, the head gardener, to mow her lawn. He promised her it should be done before the following Sunday; but on visiting the garden on that day with her Papa, accompanied by T——, she said to him, "T——, you promised to mow my little lawn." T——, "Yes, Miss Florence, I did, and I am really ashamed of myself, for I know I ought to have done it." F——, "That makes it worse T——, to know you ought to do anything, and not to do it." The last summer of her life was a singularly fine one, and she spent nearly the whole of each day in the open air, pursuing with interest her little studies under the shade of the trees, and heartily enjoying her innocent games and amusements. She would listen with great pleasure to the songs of the birds; and we remember her observing one morning, "I do love to hear the birds; they always seem to me to be saying, 'We bless Thee for our creation.'" She emulated them in singing the praises of God, and loved in so doing to exert her sweet clear voice to the utmost. She had great talent for

music, and played several little pieces with much taste and expression. Her favourite was, "The Heavens are Telling," to which she would sometimes sing the words. She knew also a number of very pretty little songs, one of which, "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," but too truly described her own early departure from us. Of this she seemed to have some presentiment about a year before her death, when she was seriously ill. For some weeks previous to the attack, she often went into her Mama's room, and throwing her arms round her neck, would exclaim, "Mama dearest, pray for me that I may not be afraid when Jesus comes." While confined to her bed with this illness, she made the same request; and soon after it had been complied with, she said, "I am not afraid to die now; you won't weep for me, Mama dearest, when I'm gone? You won't be sorry?" In answer to our earnest prayers, however, the beckoning angel of death was commanded to wait another year, and she was restored to health through the instrumentality of change of air. She was taken to St Leonard's, and returned comparatively well. After this she seemed to lose the idea of early death, excepting that she often offered, and asked others to join her, in her sweet prayer that she might not be afraid when Jesus

came. He was using means to answer it by perfecting during this last year of her life the work He had begun in her; for we remember now, on looking back, how every little fault or fancy that had formerly troubled her seemed gradually overcome. She took great pleasure in working for the poor, and knitted several pairs of woollen cuffs for them, which she gave away on an occasion she always much enjoyed, her Mama's annual entertainment to a number of poor people on New Year's Day; and it is sweet to remember the alacrity and joy with which she waited on them at their dinner, and afterwards helped her sister to distribute her Mama's gifts of clothing.

This was not the only proof that she remembered our Lord's words, "I am among you as one that serveth," for it was a great pleasure to her at all times to wait on others; and when any little thing was wanted, we were sure to hear the eager exclamation, "I will fetch it for you!"

Her behaviour also to the servants was full of kindness, and she scarcely ever mentioned them without some droll or endearing epithet; often asking for little presents of fruit, &c., for them, and shewing in every way how truly she considered them a part of her heavenly Father's one great family. Such was the

sociability and joyousness of her disposition, that her delight was great when friends were expected, and she would earnestly plead on these occasions to be allowed to sit up late ; but would confess the next morning that she was tired, and that Mama knew best.

She was very fond of asking her Mama to give her tracts, which she would distribute, sometimes saying, "Though they are too hard for me, I think you may like to read them ;" and thus she would often administer comfort where it was needed. Having been one day into a cottage where she saw a little girl who was ill, she spent some time in looking out from among her stores some books that she thought would amuse her, meaning to have taken them the next time she went, had she been spared.

She began the present year (of which she was to see only so small a part) by endeavouring to carry out her wishes, with regard to missionary work. She took one of her own little boxes and wrote on it, "For the Church Missionary Society. Please give me a penny." Then (having first contributed herself) she went round to her parents and sister, and to all the household, and asked each to drop in a penny, adding that she hoped they would subscribe the same every month. Having obtained her request, she put down

all their names and subscriptions in an account book, that she might remember when to ask for them. About three days before she was seized with her last illness, her Mama and Sister went to visit a friend, who lived at some distance, but the day proving so foggy as to render travelling dangerous, they were at first doubtful as to whether they should go. This excited dear Florence's fears for them, and directly after their departure, she knelt in a corner of her nursery and prayed for their safe return. Having done this, she was quite easy about them, and enjoyed during the rest of the day her usual occupations and amusements.

We were unprepared to see them so soon interrupted by the hand of death ; for her last autumn sojourn by the sea-side had strengthened her so much, that we hoped the early delicacy of her constitution had been overcome, and that she would live many years to glorify God on earth. Such was not, however, His will, for on the very next Sabbath, the warning given in the same month last year was repeated ; so gently, however, at first, that its tones were scarcely perceptible. She was not really ill on that day, but a certain weariness and languor seemed to pervade her little frame, which prevented her going as usual with her parents and sister to the house of God. But angels

from the many mansions above were whispering to her; and never was her voice so loud and beautiful as when on this morning she burst forth with the hymn, "Hark! the herald angels sing." All who heard it were astonished, and said it resounded in every part of the house. She then sang, "Abide with me," and so concluded for ever her songs of praise in this world, only to resume them more joyously in the next. The afternoon and evening were spent much as usual. She joined her Mama and Sister in reading and prayer, and went to bed at her accustomed hour of eight o'clock, in what they considered nearly her ordinary state of health. But, alas! how sadly was the scene changed, when the next morning found her laid low by a severe attack of fever. Very earnest were our prayers that her heavenly Father would (if He saw fit) restore her, and that He would "temper the wind to the shorn lamb;" and this latter request was mercifully heard, for He dealt with her most tenderly throughout this trying illness; and though suffering at times from delirium and restlessness, she was mostly in a composed, quiet state, and when asked how she felt, would answer, "Very cosy, dear Papa, or Mama." She was most patient under this heavy trial, and notwithstanding its oppressive weight, her mind seemed

to expand during these few last days ; for her Mama remarked afterwards, that she was astonished at the choice expressions she used when she spoke. She often prayed, and repeated her psalms and hymns, and would sometimes ask her Mama to dismiss the attendants, that she might engage in prayer with her alone. A few days before her death, she said, "Mama dearest, will you pray that I may not be afraid when Jesus comes, or that He will let me get over it."

Her own strength for prayer was now failing, her little work on earth was done, and she had only to fall asleep in the arms of the Good Shepherd, who was coming for her with such soft and gentle footsteps. It seems to us now that He checked her Mama's rising wish to tell her of the nearness of death, in order the more fully to answer her little prayer, and remove her so tenderly, that she might not know she was leaving her loved earthly home, till she awoke in an infinitely happier one. About a fortnight from the commencement of her illness, she became much worse, and on the fourth morning from that time, none could help seeing that death was near. It was not, however, expected till the evening ; but when her Mama saw there was no hope, she joined her kind minister in prayer, that her darling's sufferings might not be

prolonged, if it were the will of God. He heard the earnest cry, for when the afflicted mother, rising from her knees, stood again with her husband by the bed of death, it was to behold their beloved child borne away on the wings of prayer ; she sighed faintly a few times at intervals, and then fell most gently and sweetly "asleep in Jesus." Her good and faithful Shepherd had come, and had answered her persevering request by carrying her, as it were, blindfold through the dark valley she dreaded.

In the words of Doddridge's Lament for his little daughter, we may say, "That day our hearts were almost torn in pieces by sorrow, yet sorrow so softened and so sweetened, that we number it among the best days of our lives. Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd ? God knows we are not angry, *but sorrowful He surely allows us to be.* Lord, give unto us a holy acquiescence of soul in thee, and now that our gourd is withered, shelter us under the shadow of thy wings."

The Sabbath returned once more, but the little voice that added so much to its joy was hushed for ever here. We entered her now shrouded nursery, to take a last look at the precious form lying in its narrow bed. Loving hands had strewn it with flowers, and, as we gazed on the calm, confiding, patient look

that lingered on the little face, we remembered her constant prayer, and saw its answer.

Since her departure, we have had additional evidence (were any needed) of her readiness for her early flight. For her nurse says that, being alone with her on the Sunday fortnight before her illness, she chose the last chapter of Revelation, and read it aloud with her, with great expression. She also marked strongly in her little Bible the two last verses, "He which testifieth of these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." How quickly He was coming for her, He alone knew; and, perhaps, He guided her little hand to leave us this warning and comfort.

The old servant to whom she had given the Bible, and who had sometimes been entrusted with the care of her, went with the rest of the household to take a farewell look at her remains. When he saw her he exclaimed, "Well, if that little darling is not gone to heaven, I don't know who will get there; for, when she used to come up the common with me, she never spoke of anything but religion."

When the last sad duties were over, and her Mama was able to examine her little treasures, she found

some in her desk of priceless value: a number of texts and hymns which she had (unknown to us) copied out in her childish handwriting; they were all on separate pieces of paper, and we give them in the order in which they seem to have been written.

The first appears to contain a sentence or two from some of the sermons she had heard, and begins thus: "We must pray,—Draw us, and we will run after thee." Then a stone is roughly sketched, and on it she has traced the word "Finished." She then goes on to write: "I say this,—'Thou God seest me.'" Then, "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" "'As poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.' I think it must mean, that those who are poor in this world's goods, and have Christ, have a better reward than the wicked."

The next is a hymn, which she would sometimes repeat to herself when she felt restless after going to bed:—

" Now darkness shades the distant hill,
The little birds are hid and still,
And I my quiet sleep may take,
Since my Creator is awake.

How sweet, upon my little bed,
To think my Saviour guards my head,
And He a helpless child can keep
Through all the hours of silent sleep."

The next is for the morning :—

"The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep ;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide ,
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

Oh make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace ;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face."

Under this were the words, "Thou God seest me."
Then follows the verse—

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd."

On the same piece of paper were the words—

"Lord, I will not let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow."

On the next piece she had printed the words, "Keep
me as the apple of the eye. Hide me under the
shadow of Thy wings." Then follow some more
verses :—

"Here you may learn how Christ has died,
To save your souls from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then you should love your Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night."

"God is ever present."

"I'm not too young for God to see,
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

"Thou God seest me."

How deeply she seemed to feel this truth, for she writes again, "God is ever present."

"I'm not too young ——". This is left unfinished ; but perhaps the sad event that has happened since the little hand traced those words has told us what she would have written.

On the same paper we find—

"Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me."

The next contains several verses of Scripture, which she numbered herself in the following manner—

1.

"Make thy way straight before my face."

2.

"Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness."

3.

"O save me for thy mercies' sake."

4.

"I will rejoice in thy salvation."

5.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in
all the earth."

6.

"The Lord upholdeth all that fall."

7.

"The Lord will not cast off for ever."

8.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."

9.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."

10.

"Keep me as the apple of the eye.
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."

In the next lines she almost seems to allude to her
approaching departure, for she writes—

"Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closes ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposes,"
"In thee from the love of Christ ;"

Which last words are evidently an addition of her
own, and shew how firm was her hope of the ever-
lasting rest she now enjoys.

The next little paper contains notes of praise—

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace,
Good will towards Men."

Then follows an anticipation of heavenly joys in the exclamation—

“Hark the notes of Angels singing Glory! Glory!”

The last seems written with a view to comfort the sorrowing ones she leaves behind; for on a small piece of paper she has printed the words,

“SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD.”

Then on another piece we find the single word

“TRUTH”

printed in large letters. And thus she bore her child-like testimony to the faithfulness of Him who she now sees “face to face.”

She has finished her short and sunny voyage; but we must not omit to mention one storm which, however, had speeded her on her way, and which happened some time before she entered the haven of rest. She was then much troubled with a sense of sin, though there seemed nothing to find fault with in her conduct. She complained often of this, and her Mama assured her that it was the work of the Holy Spirit in her, over which she had cause to rejoice; and after having prayed long with her, and pointed out the one great atonement, she found lasting peace.

Most truly has a sympathising Christian observed of her death, that "God led her through a fall of tears into the Holy Land;" for never was a beloved child more deeply and deservedly lamented. Even those who knew but little of her were struck by the gentleness of her demeanour, as will be seen in the following extract from a letter written by a clergyman to her bereaved parents:—

"The decease of your little daughter is a startling announcement to me. I am carried back in thought to a very pleasant summer's day I spent at S—, not so many months ago, when I saw her moving about so quietly, and somewhat shyly, in the pretty garden; she not imagining her little winning and retiring ways were an object of real interest to the stranger. But I did notice them frequently. And I observed that she seemed to be as obedient as loving (true Christian graces, but the former very rare in children of her age). I was struck with the readiness with which she deferred to her sister's wishes whenever expressed; and the kind of trustful feeling, and feeling of protection, when near her sister, that seemed to influence her. And, in a still greater degree, it interested me to see that her sister lovingly cherished these sweet influences, and reciprocated them. Oh

how different to all this have I seen it between some sisters! What a happiness it must have been to you to have gathered such golden fruit from frail plants, that you had tended with such tender and loving hands! But now to find one pretty rose-bud, just before blooming, suddenly snapped from its parent stem, oh it is sad, very sad, that is to say, if we regard it only in one aspect. But in that other grand aspect, in which I am sure you do regard it, viz., as an inexpressibly loving interposition on the part of the Great Shepherd, who has regarded with an eye of especial favour *this little lamb* of the great flock that He leads to the green pastures, that He has gently taken in the everlasting arms, has folded her (oh so tenderly) in His bosom, and has laid her by the still waters, never again to experience the thousand and one little disappointments which are incidental to childhood, nor the graver anxieties and trials which attach to womanhood. Dear, winning, engaging, little Florie, my few words to your Mama are out of a full heart. One who loved you better than *you* thought utters them. His feeble words of praise are intended to do the service of a little posy of flowers which he would plant on your grave, if it were permitted him to stand beside it."

During her last illness, her perpetual cry to her dear parents, if they left her for a few minutes, was "Come to me." And this loved voice still seems to sound in their ears, inviting them to join her where she now is; and reminding them of a verse in one of the last chapters she read—"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

May all who read these few simple lines, in memory of a little lamb, so tenderly watched and folded by the Good Shepherd, be made partakers of the "living waters" which refreshed her young soul!



A Mother's Day-Dream.

WALKING in my garden "in the cool of the day," I seemed to hear "the voice of the Lord God," and to be joined by One who bore the scars of deep wounds. Presently we stood before my most beloved and cherished little flower. He gazed upon it with admiration, and looking at me with tender questioning eyes, He stretched out His pierced hand, and gently gathered it. I could not say Him nay, but bowed my head to hide the tears that would flow.

WITHIN the shrouded room below
She lies, is cold, and yet we know
It is not Florence there ;
It is not Florence, cold and white,
It is the robe which, in her flight,
She gently cast aside ;
Our darling hath not died.

God walking over starry spheres,
Did clasp her tiny hand,
And led her through a fall of tears
Into the Holy Land.
Angel of Death ! we question not
Who asks of heaven, why doth it rain ?

Angel, we bless thee, for thy kiss
Hath hushed those lips of pain.
No " Wherefore ? " or " To what good end ? "
Shall, out of doubt and anguish, creep
Into our thoughts ;
We bow our heads,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

J. B. A.

A sad and mournful sound,
Echoes that home around ;
Sorrow and awe profound
 Spread over all.

A bright and happy child,
That our sad hours beguiled,
With heart and eye so mild,
 Has passed away.

The dear one, so young and fair,
Breathes a far purer air ;
Free from all pain and care,
 Happy is she.

She has her short race run,
Though it was scarce begun ;
Gone is the little one
 To dwell on high.

Sad sounds the dirge-like bell,
Mournful the funeral knell,
Many the tears that fell
O'er her small grave.

Nay, let no bitter tear
Fall on a victor's bier,
Nought but her dust lies here,
She lives on high.

Fallen is the captive's chain,
Earth and its weary pain,
Sin and its loathsome bane,
All left below.

Ah ! we must wait and pray
For that thrice glorious day,
When, all sin washed away,
Lov'd ones we meet.

"I am the Door."

THERE is a "Door" that open stands,

A Door fair to behold,

And those who enter by the door

Are safe within the fold.

Through it comes streaming heav'nly light,

On rugged roads and drear,

Which makes the dreary road most bright,

And banishes all fear.

There grew close by this open "Door"

A lily of the vale,

Sure impress of that light she bore

On her sweet face and pale.

She bent towards the open "Door,"

By strong attraction drawn ;

Saw she, I wonder, the jasper floor ?

Saw she the "Star of Morn" ?

Did she pine to enter the heav'nly land,
Even thro' Death's dark vale,
Surely yes ; for there soon came a pierced hand
Which bore off the Lily pale.

So now she sees heaven's fountains pour,
She quenches her fever'd thirst ;
Because it grew so *near* the door,
That Lily was gathered first.

"THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

"The earth is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying, .
Will not be comforted.

"Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

" There is no death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

" She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

" In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

" Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

" Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives ;
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;—

"But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

"And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That will not be at rest,—

"We will be patient and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way."

LONGFELLOW.

What then ?

WHAT then ? why then another pilgrim song,
And then a hush of rest divinely granted,
And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long),
And then a brook, just where it most was wanted.

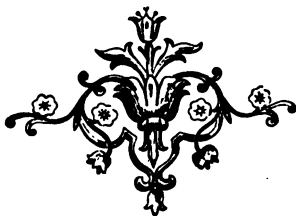
What then ? the pitching of the evening tent ;
And then perchance a pillow rough and thorny,
And then some sweet and tender message sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

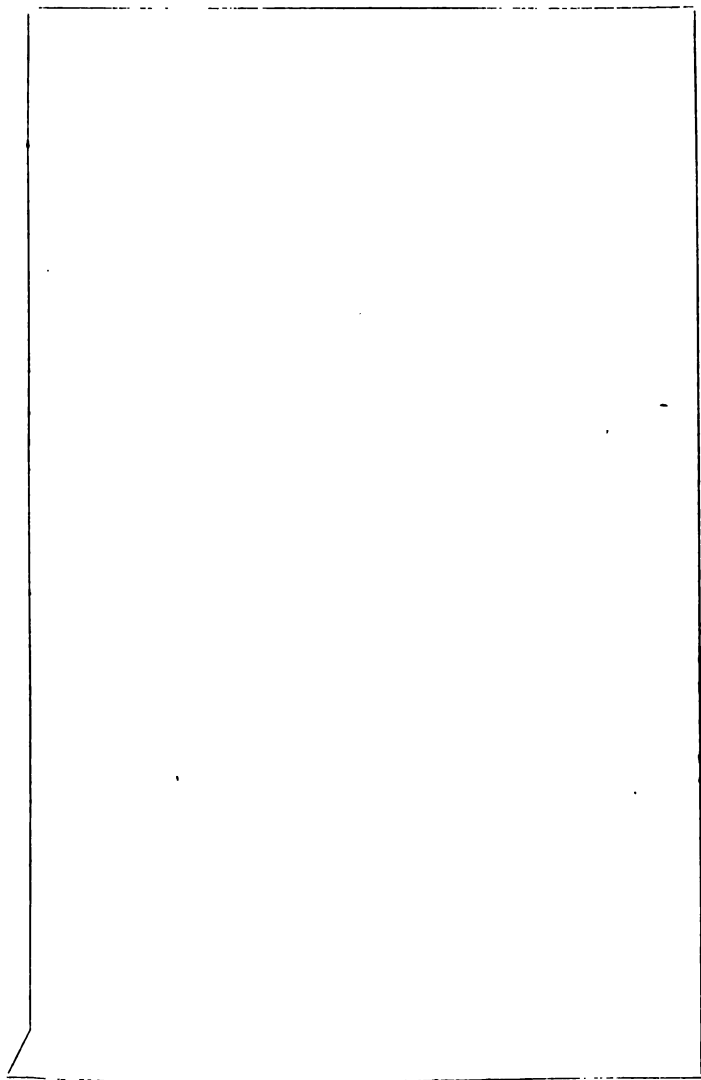
What then ? the wailing of the midnight wind,
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching ;
And then a little water cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then ? I am not careful to inquire,
I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow,
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher
And saying, I will answer for the morrow.

What then ? for all my sins His pardoning grace,
For all my wants and woes his loving-kindness :
For darkest shades the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then ? a shadowy valley lone and dim ;
And then a deep and darkly flowing river,
And then a flood of light, a seraph hymn,—
And God's own smile for ever and for ever.







Appendix.

SINCE the foregoing incidents of the little life herein recorded were written, others have been brought to remembrance by our return to the ordinary occupations and duties of life. Though every day brings before us more and more our own great loss, yet, in humble submission, we learn that it is her gain.

About a year before her death, when from home with her parents on their usual autumnal visit, she was anxiously trying one evening after she was in bed to remember a text which she had learned. Her Mama came into the room at the time, when Florie exclaimed, "Mama, tell me every text that has 'wings' in it." Many were repeated, but not the right one. At length dear Florie called out joyfully, "It is this,

‘Because thou hast been my help, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.’” It was her great pleasure always to have her Bible placed under her pillow on retiring to rest. If at any time she came to say her prayers in a physically listless state, Mama had only to say, “Darling, remember what God said to Moses, ‘Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground,’” when her reverence was extreme, and her look of angelic purity and sweetness most touching. We would here insert her last little prayer, which she herself put together in the words of the holy book,—

“Pray, God, bless all those I love. Create in them clean hearts, O God; and renew right spirits within them. Wash them in thy precious blood, and take them, when they die, to heaven, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.”

The hymn she so often sang, and which was a great favourite with her, was emblematic of her character. The lines are as follows:—

“There was a lonely ark,
That sailed o’er waters dark,
And wide around;

Not one tall tree was seen,
No flower, nor leaf of green ;
All, all were drowned.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread,
A meek dove flew ;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied,
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary drooping head,
To seek for rest ;
Christ is thy ark my love,
Thou art the timid dove,
Fly to his breast."

A number of "Good News" was one day given her, containing the story of a poor woman, who being a sincere Christian, and feeling her own worthlessness, was often heard singing the lines,

"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my All in All."

This little anecdote struck dear Florie, and she

strongly marked the lines and committed them to memory.

There was something remarkable in the constancy with which she attached herself to her friends, and this feeling extended even to her dolls, for when a new one was given her, she still clung to her former favourite, saying, "We must not forget poor *old* dolly, Mama."

Just before her last illness, her nurse having left, her Mama made it a matter of earnest prayer that she might again be directed to one who would exercise a good influence over her. We see how this petition for the guidance and safe keeping of her beloved child was answered, by her heavenly Father taking her to His own "House" "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and there perhaps she makes the "ageless walls" resound with His praises, in the very words of the Psalm she so oft repeated here:—

"O PRAISE THE LORD, ALL YE NATIONS; PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE. FOR HIS MERCIFUL KINDNESS IS GREAT TOWARD US; AND THE TRUTH OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOR EVER. PRAISE YE THE LORD."



